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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

EDUCATION.

The Teacher's Mission.

A POEM.

Read before the Oxford County Teachers' Association, at its meeting in Buckfield, Jan. 6, '49.

What is the Teacher's Mission? anxiously I asked, as deep in thought I pondered o'er The ends and aims of human life. I knew That not one life is useless, but that each Fulfills the purpose for which he was made. Design marks all the Universe, for God Unto each end has shaped the needed means.

What is the Teacher's Mission? Surely he Was not created in vain, but God has shaped His end from the beginning—given to him An humble path to tread in reaching up To the blest portals of Eternal Rest.

Lonely and trembling has he labored on, Each Long through the darkened years; the dread of Poor school boy, as with rod and rule he tried To beat proud Science into youthful brains; The jest of every tongue, the despise of And trodden down. 'Tis time he strove to take His place among his fellows; time he learned His noble duties, and with burning tongue Of eloquence, and action's louder voice, Declared his rights and his nobility.

'Tis time the citizens of our State, And our wide glorious Union, knew their friend, Their true friend, is he who leads the minds Of children to that fount in whose clear wave The wisdom of all nations concentrates.

See! that happy time, long looked for, long Desired, whose first faint dawn gleamed years ago, Now bursts in glory on our dazzled eyes.

Behold this band of youthful heroes and Of maidens fair, convened from Oxford's hills, Rugged and bleak, and from her fertile vales Made musical with joyous flow of waves! Upon their brows sits bright Intelligence, Strong Will out-dashers from their every eye, And the quick play of features, shows their minds Keenly perceptive, and glad to realize.

And these are Teachers, who from parts remote Leaving behind their daily round of care, Are met to cheer each other's weary way, To bear each other's heavy burdens, and Exchange the precious gems of holy thought.

Yes, these are Teachers. O, if all could see This noble band, well might our County hope For brighter days in store, and glory in Their might, the might of educated mind, Strong in its own deep consciousness of power.

Their mission is a holy one, more high Than kings upon their thrones, or statesmen's in Their halls legislative; for their work lasts Throughout the countless ages of all time. Minds wakened here shall slumber never more, And impulse received effect our course.

Throughout eternal years—long after kings' And statesmen's laws are with forgotten things.

They are not called to simply teach the lore Of books. The ponderous globe, and all its store Of minerals and earths, its varied kinds Of vegetation, with its myriad tribes Of animated life, and wondrous air Pervading all and life-sustaining, are But minor things, for they endure for but A day, a moment of eternal time.

And Mathematics in its mighty range, And grim Philosophy that puzzles brains Keener than children have, with ancient thoughts, Deep by weight of languages long dead, Like diamonds in a mountain's rock-bound side; And all the other precious lore of schools, Are but as instruments within his hands.

They must be taught, for in them may be found The purest gems of thought, the aliment The soul subsists on; and the latent love Of beauty, order, and all comely things, Implanted in the human mind, by them Must be developed. But they must be taught, Not as an end, but as a means. The fair Proportions, and the wondrous loveliness Of earth, if rightly understood, and with True power applied, shall awaken in the soul, A love for beauty that shall never sleep, But be the uniting source of highest joy, Begets a relish for those fairer scenes, Those purer pleasures of the spirit's world.

The far bright stars hang in the vault above, The glorious sun, and the sweet silver moon Shall teach us to adore the hand that placed Them in those far immeasurable depths, And gave their wondrous light. The giant works Of other, toiler minds, shall teach us deep Humility, as showing us so fit.

Beneath, and nerve our hearts to labor on, As proving what more human mind may do.

And history with its solemn voice, shall tell

Not simply of what kings and nobles did, And how the people labored, but shall show By other's lives, how we must spend our days, That peace and joy may be our heritage.

So all the studies of the schools must be The tools by which the teacher, patiently, Shapes children's beings, as the sculptor forms, With various art and long-protracted toil,

The perfect image from the marble block.

Now is this all. The teacher of our days, Must govern over his little band, and how Shall it be done? By the strong power of his Own despotic will, shall hurtful passions be Chained into peace? Like wild beasts must they Cowering with fear, and trembling with dismay; And meditating vengeance, deep and fierce?

It will not do. The passions were not given To be destroyed, but to be directed right:

The will must not be broken, but be bent From obstinate resistance, to that power,

That steadfast perseverance, that overcomes All hindrances to reach its destined goal.

O, rather let him, if he would confer Upon the minds of those beneath his care, A panacea for the ills of life,

An anchor to sustain them, 'mid the storms, And adverse winds and waves, on life's wide seas;

Teach them self-government, the point wherein

The soul is poised, that with true dignity,

They may conduct as best becometh men.

This then his Mission: To unfold the mind By every means, to wake its slumbering powers, And lead its dormant faculties to act.

This, ye teachers, Oxford's present pride And hope for future days, this is your task.

For this, O struggle on, nobly toil,

Forgettings as you pass, your rugged way,

In the sweet flowers that nestle at your feet,

And in the glorious beauty of the site

Your upward steps must reach. O labor on,

Nor with such noble ends in view, permit

One thought of faltering to rise within

Your breasts. O, never ask, with heaving sigh

When will the day of rest arise for me.

Man is the only being God has formed,

That asks for rest, when want with iron will Bids him to toil.

The sun his light sheds down,

Uneasiness, the planets in their course

Wheel on without delay, the growing things

Of earth never cease, and even beasts perform

Their labors with a ready will. Shall ye,

Raised high above them all, (for mind is far

Above all matters) mainly wish to shun

All labor, and in quiet ignoble,

Drag out your useless days. No, for you're placed

On earth, for labor not for rest; and he

Who best performs earth's duties, nearest comes

To the perfection which ye strive to gain.

Teachers of Oxford, nobly struggle on.

Raise high your standard, and with steady will

Approach yourselves unto it. Then shall you,

Far more than now become the parent's trust,

And trust friend, and our wide nation own,

You are its noblest citizens. Perform

Your Mission with unfaltering faith, with pure

And perfect singleness of heart, and God,

Who faithfully rewarded all who toil,

Will surely be your strength and your support.

The Teacher's Reward.

Read before the Oxford County Teachers' Association, at its meeting in Buckfield, Jan. 6, '49.

Much has been thought and said in relation to this all-important subject, still the public are far from realizing its importance. Their attention is too much directed to the more material necessities of life, while the director of the mind, the immortal mind, passes as a mere cipher in society, being regarded as a sort of drone, who has no care, no trials or perplexities. Now we, as a friend to this neglected class, would ask if these thoughts are just—if they are worthy a place in the human heart? First, let us enter one of our common schools. How many different dispositions do we here find, which to please, requires the greatest mental exertion? Who is to settle all disturbances, and smile at petty annoyances? Who, whether merry or sad, is still to wear the outward semblance of joy and gladness? Who is to guide the infant mind, step by step, and day by day along the path of knowledge? Who labors incessantly to keep up an interest, without which nothing is accomplished? Questions innumerable suggest themselves to the mind, reflecting mind, and we can but hope that all the friends of education (and who is not a friend?) will awake—will bestir themselves in this great cause. The time has come when the mere art of reading and writing are but the elements, the starting points of education. In former times if a child could read "tolerably well" and write a "decent hand," why was it sufficient? Now, more is required, the duties of Teachers are increased in more than tenfold proportion, and yet their reward is barely sufficient to satisfy the ordinary wants of life. Is this right? Ought these things to be? Humanity, protecting her innocence, loudly appeals for a reformation; and, let us all reflect upon the matter seriously and conscientiously. One of our rulers made this sage remark, "that what ever tended to raise our primary schools, promoted the public good." Here then is the root of all evil. Our primary schools are indeed neglected. And why? Simply because the remuneration arising therefrom is incompetent to enable one to educate himself as the law requires. The common operatives in our fac-

tories much prefer their mode of life to that of teaching, and their reward, so far as pecuniary affairs are concerned, is double that of the Teacher of a common district school. Thither attention turned, and talent is buried in the confusion of the loom.

To Teachers I would say, go on in your noble, god-like work. A pure heart, and the consciousness of having done your duty, by emancipating the immortal mind from the mazes of superstition and ignorance, will yield that peace and consolation which the world can neither give nor take away.

To the public let me add one suggestion, if you will kindly admit. Be careful in selecting Teachers, and whom you do select, faithfully reward.

Z. W. B.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Great West.

THE DYING VOLUNTEER.

AN INCIDENT OF MOLINO DEL REY.

BY H. G. CHIPMAN.

The sun had risen in all his glorious majesty, and hung above the eastern horizon like a ball of glowing fire. Its bright rays danced merrily along the Lake of Texcoco; over the glittering domes of the city of Mexico; past the dark frowning battlements of Chapultepec castle, and lit, in all their glorious effulgence, upon the blood stained field of Molino del Rey.

The contest was over, the sounds of the battle had died away, save an occasional shot from the distant artillery of the castle, or the fire of some straggling riflemen.

I was standing beside the battered remains of the mill door, above which the first footling had been gained upon the well contested wall, and gazing over the plain, now saturated with the blood of my fellow soldiers, which that morning had waved green with flowing grass, when I heard a low and feeble wail, in the ditch beside me. I turned towards the spot and beheld, with his right leg shattered by a cannon ball, a volunteer lying amid the mangled dead. He had been passed by in the haste of the gathering up the wounded from the fire from the castle, and the rays of the burning sun beat down with terrible fervor upon his wounded limb, causing heavy groans to issue from his pallid lips, and his mortal countenance to writh with pain.

"Water, for God's sake, a drink of water," he faintly articulated, as I bent down beside him.

Fortunately I had procured a canteen of water, and placing it to his lips, he took a long, deep draught, and then sank back exhausted upon the ground.

"The sun," he murmured, "it is killing me by its rays; cannot you carry me into the shade?"

"I can procure assistance, and have you taken to the hospital?"

"No, it do, my suns of life are about out. An hour hence I shall be a dead man. Carry me into the shade of the mill, and then, if you have time to spare, listen to my dying words; and if you are fortunate enough to ever return to the United States, bear me back a message to my home, and to another— he paused, and motioned for me to carry him to the shade. I did so, and the cool wind which swept along the spot, seemed to revive him, and he continued:

"You, sir, are a total stranger to me, and from your uniform, belong to another corps, and yet I must confide this, the great secret of all my recent actions, and the cause of my being here, to you. Would to God that I had reflected upon the fatal step I had taken, and I should have now been at home, enjoying the society of kind friends, instead of dying upon a gory field, in a foreign land. My father was a wealthy man in the town of G—eh, in the State of Virginia, and moved in the best society of the place. I had received an excellent education, had studied law, and was admitted in the twenty-fourth

year of my age to practice at the bar. I had early seen and admired a young lady of the place, a daughter of an intimate friend of my father's, and fortunately the feeling was reciprocal, and we were engaged to be married. The war with Mexico had been in existence some twelve months, and many were flocking to the standard of the country. It so happened that about this time a recruiting office had been opened in the town, and several of my young friends had enlisted to go and try their fortunes upon the plains of Mexico. One night there was a grand party in the place, in honor of those who were about to depart from the seat of war, and both myself and Eveline were at the ball. Among those who were assembled that evening was Augustus P., a talented young man, and accomplished scholar, gay and lively in his manners, free and cheerful in his disposition, and a universal favorite with the fair sex. He had been for some time paying his addresses to Eveline, as I deemed, in rather too pointed a manner. As the party assembled in the long hall, and the dance was about to commence, I asked her for her hand for the first set.

"It is engaged," she replied, I thought, rather

"To whom, if I may be so bold as to inquire?" I demanded.

"To Augustus P." was the immediate reply.

I smothered my rising indignation at first, I could, and proudly returned the glance of malignity.

"What joy my rival gave me!"

"Perhaps I can engage it for the second set?" I timidly asked.

"Mr. P. has engaged it for the whole evening," she pettishly replied, and rising and taking his hand, they took their station upon the floor.

I remained thunderstruck, and rooted to the spot, until I saw the eyes of my hated rival fixed upon me, and throwing off the spell that bound me, I assumed a proud, cold look, and passed from the hall. As I swept by the dancers, Eveline paused a moment when just beside me, and bending close to her ear, I whispered,

"Eveline, farewell for ever!"

"She turned slightly pale, and then answered,

"When?"

"To-night, I join the army for Mexico," I firmly replied.

A deep flush passed haughtily across her brow, and then waving her hand gracefully, she replied, "Go," and again glided through the mazes of the dance.

I rushed from the spot, and never paused until I had entered the recruiting office, and offered myself a candidate for the army.

"Are you a good, moral man, of well-regulated habits?" asked the sergeant.

"I can give a hundred certificates, if necessary," I hastily replied.

"I rather think you'll do," said the officer with a smile, and he enrolled me as a soldier. "When do you wish to leave?"

A fortnight later from Europe.

ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA.

The British steamer NIAGARA, Capt. Stone, from Liverpool, on the 27th ult., and Halifax on the afternoon of the 28th inst., arrived at Boston on Sunday. She brings 44 passengers from Liverpool, London, and from Halifax.

Letters from London and Liverpool to the 27th ult., London, the 26th, Paris to the 24th, and Rome, the 6th of January are received by her.

The news of the fortnight contain less than the common of events of immediate interest. The accounts, however, of continued peace and of increased commercial and social prosperity leave the Boston Advertiser are of more importance—though less startling than those we have been lately obliged to publish of temporary political revolutions and the ravages of disease.

An increase of commercial confidence, and a rise in the price of many leading articles of trade, is reported.

Cotton has advanced about a falling per lb., with free sale at Liverpool, although some depression at Havre is mentioned. The market for American grain has become more steady and prices were improving. The prices of wool and from, woolen and cotton manufacturers show a gradual increase.

Money has become more abundant, and the chief brokers refuse to take deposits at call at 1-2 per cent.; discounts of the best bills are not higher than 2 per cent.

The Ravages of the cholera have not increased in the last fortnight.

The British and North American Royal Mail Steamship Europe, Captain Lott, reached the Steamer on the morning of the 23d, a little after noon, making the passage from New York to Liverpool, via Halifax, at this boisterous season of the year, in less than twelve days! This, all things considered, is the most astonishing passage on record.

The gold fever has been checked by reports of distress among the "diggers," but the emigration to California continues.

The corn market continued without change of importance. The stock was plentiful, but holders were firm, and the trade was awaiting the release of the stock from bond, when samples would be increased. Much complaint is made of the manner in which new American provisions had been put up and forwarded to market. The trade was dull. The plentifulness of money had kept up prices of iron, but the trade was dull.

RATIFICATION OF THE POSTAL TREATY.

The post office, which went out by the Europa, for ratification by the President and Senate of the United States, was brought back by the same steamer, having been duly ratified, and has now become the law of both countries. It was despatched by special messenger to the American Minister at London, immediately on its arrival, by Gen. Armstrong.

IRELAND. In Dublin, on the 16th ult., the four Judges of the Queen's Bench delivered their opinion on the writ of error by Messrs. William Smith O'Brien, Thomas F. Meagher, Terence McManus, and Patrick O'Donoghue, the prisoners convicted at the Cavan Commission of high treason. Judges Blackburne, Crompton, Perrin, and Moore, were in attendance, and each in turn delivered his opinion. The court was unanimous in its decision, which was that the writ of error in all its bearings should be dissolved, and that the decision of the Cavan Commission stands good. It was stated that an application had been made to the Lord Lieutenant, on the 29th ult., for leave to bring the case of Mr. O'Brien to the House of Lords, and that the friends of Mr. O'Brien are quite confident that the action of His Excellency will be given. Mr. Meagher declines to bring his case before the lords, and is resolved to submit to his fate, whatever it may be, without making any further effort to disturb the judgment of the court below and of the Queen's Bench.

The application to admit Mr. Duffy to bail had been refused, and the 6th of this month was set apart for his trial.

Two leading dignitaries of the Catholic Church had died—the right Rev. Dr. McGuire, Bishop of Derry, and the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Cloyne and Ross.

FRANCE.—This country remains comparatively quiet, although party spirit has abated nothing of its earnestness and activity.

The bulk of the accounts from Paris consists of the proceedings of the National Assembly, which is now occupied in debate upon subjects of little interest to the general reader.

It is said that never were the hopes of the partisans of the house of Bourbon higher than at the present moment. They speak only of the return of Henry V. as a matter of certainty, and the period to which they look forward as that of the restoration is by no means remote. It is stated that the partisans of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and those of the house of Orleans, have made up all their differences, and now go hand in hand together for the restoration of Henry V. It is asserted that M. Guizot is one of the most ardent supporters of this reconciliation, and that he has written to his friends in Paris, strongly advising them to forget their past dissensions, and to labor in the common cause.

M. Boulay de la Meurthe has been elected vice president of the Republic by the assembly, to hold office till May, 1832. Number of votes 695; absolute majority, 348. M. Boulay de la Meurthe obtained 417 votes; M. Vivien, 27; Gen. Baraguey d'Hilliers, 1; votes lost, 2.

M. Boulay is a very good man, but has made himself remarkable for nothing except his anti-Republican and Bonapartist opinions. By electing him the Republicans imagine that they will at the same time embarrass the Ministry and make themselves agreeable to the President in choosing a Bonapartist.

Gen. Orsano, a relative of the Bonapartist family, has been elected representative of the people in the department of Indre et Loire, by 17,000 votes. A red republican, M. Fawcett, has been elected a representative for the department of the Upper Rhine, by a majority of 7,500 to 3,700 votes.

SPAIN.—We are still without any satisfactory news as to the progress of the Carlist insurrection, but it seems that hitherto it has received no important check, excepting from the elections.

ITALY. This country remains pretty much the same as at the date of the preceding accounts. The Sardinian envoy to the pope returned from Gaeta on the 12th; the pope refused to receive him. The parish priests throughout the Roman states were straining every nerve to paralyze the electoral operations; and the provisional government had resolved on sending commissioners to the provinces to counteract the influence of the clergy.

Letters from Turin of the 20th inst., announced that the elections are proceeding unfavorably to the friends of peace.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY. The Imperial army continued to meet with success. Windischgrätz has entered Buda-pest without firing a shot, and the conquest of Hungary, it is thought, must inevitably follow. Rossouf has received before the conquering imperialists, and Windischgrätz has captured Count Bathany, of the chief insurgent leaders, and confiscation and extermination are the order of the day. The Diet at

Kremser has resumed its sittings. In the first week of January, a rebel column under Bem, having attempted in vain to transfer the theatre of war over Kaschau into Galicia, had retreated into Transylvania, hoping to effect their purpose through the Bukovina.

The German Reform says that M. Massere, the Hungarian Minister of War, blew out his brains at the moment he fell into the hands of the Austrian soldiers. He was highly esteemed, and is much to be pitied, for he accepted the portfolio of War in Hungary at the written request of the Emperor.

GERMANY. The Germanic Diet continues to hold its sittings at Frankfort. On the 19th of January, after several days' debate, a decree was passed, declaring that "The dignity of the Head of the empire is given to one of the reigning German Sovereigns." The decision was by a majority of 238 over 211 votes. It is generally believed that the next vote will declare the title of Emperor to be hereditary. Austria having virtually withdrawn from the circle of central authority established at Frankfort. Proposals for the establishment of radical and republican directories were rejected by immense majorities.

PRUSSIA. In this kingdom, the chief topic of interest is the approaching election.

BELGIUM. The gold fever has broken out in this kingdom. A company is forming at Brussels to emigrate to California.

Egypt. This country is in the most perfect state of tranquillity, and Abbas Pasha's accession to power has been hailed by all parties with pleasure and satisfaction, the general opinion being that he will make a better ruler than his immediate predecessor, Ibrahim Pasha.

INDIA. The war in the Punjab continues.—The British have crossed the river Chenab and defeated the Sikhs in a series of skirmishes, attended with much bloodshed and devastation.

It is thought, however, that these successes will have but little effect on the result of the campaign. Some disturbances have broken out in Aboobur, but no military movements of any importance have taken place in that country since the previous advices.

NON-INTERVENTION. The following is the leading article in the New York Observer of the 3d instant. The Observer is an Orthodox paper of venerable age, very large circulation and of the highest authority. We recommend this article to the serious consideration of our readers, and such religious persons as have considered it to be their duty as Christians to agitate the slavery question, to act with the party for sectional agitation. Doubtless the Bible method of dealing with slavery and slaveholders is a better method than that adopted by abolition politicians. Compare the two and then say whether the former is not the best, safest and most effectual.

The doctrine of Gen. Cass in his Nicholson letter, and of the national democracy from the commencement of the slavery agitation, of non-intervention, is here fully sustained, and as Democrats we cannot do better than to go for the democracy of the New Testament and the compromises of the constitution.

(From the New York Observer.)

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

We devote a large space in our columns this week to the address of the Southern Convention on the Slavery question. The subject has become deeply interesting, and, in view of its bearings, threatens the stability of our happy Union. It is true, therefore, that all who love their country should reflect seriously and prayerfully upon it, and speak and act as become Christian patriots. Our views on the general subject have been frequently expressed, we regard this as a proper moment for referring again to those considerations which should induce the North to avoid all action and language in reference to slavery, which will unnecessarily irritate the South. Among these considerations are the following:

1. The Southern brethren are not responsible for the origin of the evil.

Slavery was forced upon the American people by Britain to gratify her own lust of gain, in opposition to the entreaties and remonstrances of the wise and good in every part of our land, and in every period of its colonial history.

2. It is not easy now to get rid of the evil, suddenly.

Slavery is the fundamental law upon which all the political institutions of the South have been based from beginning. That law was established by Britain at the very commencement of the political existence of those communities. It gave to the white male despotic power over the negro. It constituted the whites a privileged class—the aristocracy of the land. The abolition of slavery in the South, would be in other words, a voluntary surrender by this aristocracy of the power and privilege which they hold under the ancient law of their country. Ought we to be greatly surprised if this surrender should not be made suddenly, even though demanded by public sentiment in the North, and to hold office till May, 1832. Number of votes 695; absolute majority, 348. M. Boulay de la Meurthe obtained 417 votes; M. Vivien, 27; Gen. Baraguey d'Hilliers, 1; votes lost, 2.

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They lived and preached in countries where the law of man despotic power over his fellow-men did not distance the law or the man who held power under it. They did not require the despots to abdicate, or the slaveholders to emancipate his slaves, without regard to consequences. Paul did not aid and nor did he threaten to cut his connection with the master, if he continued to employ the labor of the master, if he used no harsh epithets. He called Phillips, master, slaveholder as he was, his "dearly beloved fellow-laborer" in the Gospel, and thanked God for his "love and faith," and all his noble Christian graces. He sent back the penitent runaway slave to his master, with a courageous, conciliatory and affectionate letter, calculated to sooth the feelings, and render all the future intercourse of the parties pleasant and profitable.

5. The Bible method of dealing with slavery and slaveholders is the best method.

The Bible is the source of all the rational liberty we enjoy. Wherever its principles are heartily embraced, slavery, or at least the evil of slavery is sure to die. But how does it effect this? By denouncing the law, and stigmatizing all who hold power under it? No. It does not seek to change the law as the first and greatest thing. It seeks first to change the heart of the master. It goes to him, and in the accents of Christian love and kindness tells him "that his slave is his brother; made in his image of his father; an object of his Savior's most tender love; endowed like himself with an immortal soul; possessed of powers which will expand forever capable of being fitted here, in this momentary life, to enjoy ineffable glory with God, in heaven through endless ages; and that such a being should be treated with all the consideration due to his near relationship, his vast capacities and his lofty destiny." It addresses not the fears, nor the pride of the master, but the noblest feelings of his nature; and when it has thus gained the master, it trusts to him in the time to deprive the law, and until the law is changed to deprive it of its power to harm. This is the Bible way of dealing with slavery, and it is the true way.

The policy of the North is a "masterly inactivity," a "Let-alone," a "Do-nothing" policy.

THOMAS H. BENTON ON THE AGITATION OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

In February, 1830, more than eighteen years ago, in the United States Senate, Col. Benton uttered

the following prophetic language in reference to the agitation of the slave question:

"I have, said Col. Benton, been full, I am afraid tedious, on the subject of slavery. My apology must be found in the extraordinary introduction of this topic by the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Webster). I foresee that this subject is to act a great part in the future politics of this country, that it is to be made one of the instruments of a momentous movement for dividing the Union—something more practicable and the more dangerous than that.

The prevention of a world of woe may depend upon the democracy of the non-slaveholding States. The preservation of their own republic can liberties may depend upon it. Never was their steadfast adhesion to the principles of the cause, and to their natural allies more necessary than at present. To them I have been speaking; to them I continue to address myself, I beseech and implore them to suffer their feelings against slavery to have no effect upon their political conduct; to join in no combinations against the South for that cause; leave this whole business to ourselves. I think they can well let it alone upon every principle of morals or policy.

Are they Christians? Then they can tolerate what Christ and his Apostles could bear. Are they patriots? Then they can endure what the constitution permits. Are they philosophers? Then they can bear the abstract contemplation of the ills which inflict others, not them. Are they friends and sympathizers? Then they must know that the wearer of the shoe knows best where it pinches, and is most concerned to get it off. Are they republicans? Then they must see the downfall of themselves, and the elevation of their adversaries, in the success of a crusade, under federal banners, against their natural allies in the South and West.

2. Let the Democracy of the North remember,

that it is the tendency of all confederacies to degenerate into a sub-confederacy among the powerful, for the government and oppression of the weaker members. Let them recollect that ambition is the root of these sub-confederacies.

3. The Amphilonic league—the Germanic confederation—the seven United Provinces—the thirteen Swiss Cantons. Let the Democracy of the North remember these things, and improve in the mode of conducting them. The proportion there is between industry and profit, is the natural and proper stimulus in every branch of business carried on by individuals or private associations, and there has been too great a degree of liberality, if not improvidence, in legislating with respect to corporations of this kind. There may be cases in which it would be advisable to invest individuals with these privileges, but the good to be derived ought to be palpable.

4. All joint stock companies incorporated by public acts, possess privileges not enjoyed by individuals or private associations, and there has been too great a degree of liberality, if not improvidence, in legislating with respect to corporations of this kind. There may be cases in which it would be advisable to invest individuals with these privileges, but the good to be derived ought to be palpable.

5. The affairs of corporate companies are not generally as well managed as those of individuals who have not the same interest, and cannot feel the same stimulus, which is experienced by individuals, in their own private concerns. The exemptions and privileges enjoyed by them have a tendency to create boldness in undertakings, and improvidence in the mode of conducting them. The proportion there is between industry and profit, is the natural and proper stimulus in every branch of business carried on by individuals or private associations, and there has been too great a degree of liberality, if not improvidence, in legislating with respect to corporations of this kind. There may be cases in which it would be advisable to invest individuals with these privileges, but the good to be derived ought to be palpable.

6. Let the Democracy of the North remember,

that it is the tendency of all confederacies to degenerate into a sub-confederacy among the powerful, for the government and oppression of the weaker members. Let them recollect that ambition is the root of these sub-confederacies.

7. Smearing for having carelessly wreaked up,

on you such unfounded imputations—have you never been tempted not only to discard the benevolent plans in which you may have been engaged, but to throw away the very principles upon which they were based—and instead of laboring to meliorate the condition of man, have you not at times seriously thought of exerting your talents to make the most of his credulity by deceiving him—and of his vicious propensities, becoming their pander.

If you have had none of this vexatious opposition, nor experienced any thing of these deplorable feelings, we must take it for granted that you have not like Dacre "determined not to be idle."

There is in every community a class of men, who, like some mongrel puppies, must bark at every person they meet—they are over on the lookout for some movement for the advancement of mankind—some improvement in the element of society—which they are sure to attack—hollowing forth their emoji for every thing good. Every lofty sentiment favorable to the improvement of the race, not attained by themselves, is sure to receive the epithet of windy, speculative theory, without even stopping to acquaint themselves with it. He who plans for reform is a wild theorist, and every plan in advance of them, and not narrowed down to their contracted views, is impracticable, as though nothing could be practicable in the work of human progress, in advance of their thoughts, though they had never thought at all. These are they who will misrepresent your motives and misrepresent your conduct—bringing by a kind of sympathetic movement all the curs in the neighborhood to join the general outcry against you—their conduct shows that they unconsciously possess the opinion that "they shall never succeed in being useful"—they appear determined "not to be idle" in preventing others from "succeeding."

These vicious—selfish, animalized beings can never do anything good in any scheme not having their own individual interests in view—they are vicious propensities must be gratified, or they are dissatisfied—such men will often make you "do it or succeed."

A clear, commanding, imperative sense of duty is indispensably necessary to sustain a person engaged in any scheme of active benevolence at the present time. Nothing short of this can enable him to bear up against the sneers—the taunts—the misconstructions and misrepresentations—the determined and unfriendly opposition.

He is sure to meet with at every step. Without

it he will be led to exclaim with Dacre, "I am doubtful of success"—but it he will say,

"I am determined not to be idle—I owe a duty to my neighbor—to my country—to the world,

and I will fearlessly perform it—a lonely man like

me cannot afford to despise himself."

A man of observation, you see a thousand

gross improprieties and mean acts in the world,

which you denounce as most despicable;—how

then, if, however lonely and secretly, you practice the same things, you must despise yourself.

You have a reputation to lose, yet you would

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in the event of
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FROM THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

The Mormons.—*California Gold, &c.*—The Pittsburg Gazette announces the arrival in that city of Mr. E. Whipple, one of the leading Mormons, from the settlement in the neighborhood of the Great Salt Lake.

Mr. Whipple left the Great Salt Lake settlement on the 13th of October, and arrived at Fort Kearney, on the Missouri, in 51 days.—The settlement of Mormons with which he is connected, is located in a beautiful valley, on the borders of the Great Salt Lake, in the north-western part of Upper California. The Great Salt Lake is about 150 miles long by 50 broad, and contains nothing living. It is so salt that three barrels of water will make one of salt.—The shores of the Lake in the dry season, are encrusted with salt fit for use. It has no outlet.

Nearly south of the Salt Lake is a fresh water lake called the Utah, which empties its waters into the former. In this lake, fish, the mountain trout, are found. These lakes are situated on the western slope of the Rocky Mountain chain, and run into the Missouri, the Colorado, which empties into the Gulf of California and the Columbia, which empties into the Pacific. The waters of the Plate and the Colorado almost unite by means of the Sweet Water River, which heads west of the Rocky Mountain chain, and runs into the Plate through the famous South Pass.

The gold mines continue to be as rich as before, although the rainy season has caused many to suspend their work. There can be no doubt but that all the gold has been exported has gone to this port. One vessel took \$100,000. Two-thirds of sandy plains, about 400 miles wide from east to west, and from 600 to 700 miles long from north to south. From this immense basin no egress for water has been discovered, the rivers losing themselves in the sand.

The valley, in which the Mormon settlements are, is about fifty miles long, and forty broad, and is surrounded by high mountains, and on the north side by the lake. It gradually slopes from the mountains to the River Jordan, and is formed into steppes. From various gorges in the mountains, numerous fresh water streams pour their waters into the Jordan, affording fine water power. No timber grows in the valley, but abundance is supplied by the valleys of the streams of the mountains. It consists of fir, pine, hemlock, and sugar maple.

In this delightful valley, about 1,000 miles from Missouri on the east, and 700 from the gold diggings of the Sacramento on the west—the Rocky Mountains being a barrier on one side, and the Great Basin, and the Californian or Sierra Nevada range on the other—the Mormons have at last found a resting place. About 7,000 persons, of all ages, and of both sexes, are now collected in this valley. They commenced arriving in the valley, in July, 1844, and last season they raised a fine crop of wheat, corn, and other productions, sufficient for their own consumption and of those of their faith who are yearly coming in. After the next harvest they will have provisions to dispose of. They have two grist mills and four saw mills in operation, and have laid out several villages, and a town on an elevated plat, which overlooks the whole valley and lake.

They are building substantial houses and surrounding themselves with many comforts. They expect a large emigration this season from their brethren in the neighborhood of Council Bluffs, where are some thousands congregated.

The road to Oregon and California, by the North Fork of the Plate River, and the South Pass, passes some 60 miles to the north of the settlement, but a route by the way of the Salt Lake can be taken, which will not take the traveler out of his way more than 40 or 50 miles.—The Mormons will be able to supply fresh mules and oxen; and after next harvest, provisions to those who are emigrating to California.

No gold has yet been found in the neighborhood of the Salt Lake, or anywhere east of the Sierra Nevada, as far as Mr. Whipple is informed. What has reached that region, was brought there by the discharged Mormon soldiers, who had returned from the Placer to visit their families.

With reference to the story that the Mormons had claimed a pre-emption right to the diggings, and were demanding a per centage on the gold found, Mr. Whipple gives the following account. The first discovery of gold was made by Mormons [discharged soldiers] in digging a mill race for Mr. Sutter. As the discovery was on his ground, he gave them the liberty of digging gold, on condition of paying him a certain per centage. They agreed to do, but soon started off to explore for themselves, and having found some rich spot, they demanded a per centage from new comers for digging in their ground, to which they claimed a right of discovery. This practice is general in the mines, and the Mormons, Mr. Whipple says, no more claim the whole of the mines than they claim the whole of California.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript says that if fifty thousand persons at the gold mines get \$10,000,000, it will be only \$200 each; \$50,000,000 will be \$10,000, &c. &c. Hence, he concludes, gold must either become so plenty as to be greatly reduced in value, or else thousands of the gold hunters will be disappointed.

DEATHS.—Yesterday morning, one of the cars in the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road Depot caught fire and was mostly consumed, except the lower part, wheels and machinery attached. At an early hour a fire was built in the stove by the man who had charge as usual, and he left the Depot. The next thing that was known of it, was all on fire. The alarm was given by a faithful dog, just in season so that the doors of the depot were opened and the car run out just in time to save the whole building and other cars from destruction. That dog is entitled to the railroad influence against the application of oppressive "dog-laws" to him.—Portland Advertiser 14th inst.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE IN RUSSIA.—From a St. Petersburg correspondent of the Philadelphia North American we learn that a number of American machinists have taken the contract for constructing the immense bridge across the Nova. Among the most prominent in the enterprise is Mr. A. Eastwick, formerly of Philadelphia. It is not expected that the work can be finished till the year 1851. It will be the most magnificent structure of the kind in Europe.

Judge M'Lane has been nominated for U. S. Senator by the Legislature of Ohio.

CALIFORNIA.

A CLERGYMAN FOUND GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE. Before the Common Pleas Court, in Plymouth Co., N. H., on the 3d inst., the Rev. Ezra Dudley, a clergyman of a neighboring town, has been found guilty of the *Murder of his Wife!* on the evening of the 5th of March last; murdered cruelly and brutally, that she might be "out of the way" of his connection with another woman, for whom he had separated a most gross and unchaste affection. He murdered her while on their way home from an evening meeting, by throttling her.

A CURE AT LAST. It is said that Dr. Schreiber, of Stockton, has succeeded in curing drunkards of their bad habits. He isolates the patient, gives him brandy and water, and mixes all his food with brandy and water, and mixes these with tea and coffee. At the end of a few weeks, the regimen produces an uncontrollable disgust and repugnance. A physician should, however, watch the operation, for fear of an apoplexy and cerebral congestion. One hundred and thirty-nine soldiers have been treated with perfect success.

VALOMS P. COOLIDGE. The Governor, by advice of Council, has commuted the punishment of Coolidge (now in the State Prison at Thomaston under sentence of death for the murder of Edward Mathews,) to "confinement to hard labor in the State Prison during his natural life."

TO OUR CHILDREN, OR FROSTED FERT. Mix in a glass vial, a quarter of an ounce of pure myrrh, and with two ounces of water. Wet a piece of sponge, or soft cloth, with the liquid, and gently rub the parts that have been frozen. Let it dry on, and wrap the feet in handkerchiefs, or draw on a pair of old stockings to keep the bed linen from contact with the acid, which will drop into holes; however it is touched by it. This speedily cools the inflammation, allays the intensely painful itching, and when the frost is not very deep, it cures by a few applications.

WHEN THE CHILBLAINS ARE OF LONG STANDING, and the skin has cracked, and when scars are formed, the first two or three batheings are apt to cause a smarting pain that is somewhat disconcerting to persons unacquainted with the virtues of this simple remedy; but if they will persevere, they will be rewarded by a complete cure. [American Agriculturist.

MILLER, THE BORGER, SENTENCED. In the Supreme Court this morning, the opinion of the Court was given on the exceptions offered by the council of George Miller, to the verdict rendered against him, in the Municipal Court.

ALL THE EXCEPTIONS WERE OVERRULLED, and Miller was sentenced to the State Prison for nine years, three days of which are to be passed in solitary confinement.—[Boston Traveller of 12th inst.]

COMFORTABLE.—The New York Mining company, numbering 101 persons, which recently sailed for San Francisco, took with them everything that would contribute to render the voyage comfortable. Among the rest they had a library of 3000 volumes and a piano.

A WRITER IN THE AMERICAN COURIER IS OUT AGAINST FEMALE M. D.'S. He says he shouldn't like to have his wife called out in the night to visit another man.

WISCONSIN. The legislature of Wisconsin has passed an act legalizing any rate of interest agreed upon by the parties to the contract.

A YOUNG WIDOW WHO EDITS A PAPER IN A NEIGHBORING STATE, says: "We do not look so well today as usual, on account of the non-arrival of our males."

WHY IS VICTORIA TWICE THE SAILOR THAT HER UNCLE WILLIAM WAS? Because he was only a royal tar, and she is a royal tar-*tar*.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE. An interesting discovery has been made in the Arctic Ocean, one that may possibly lead to a new tropic. Captain Boyce, a whaler of Sag Harbor, has recently returned from a voyage in which he explored a new whaling ground and made important discoveries North of Baffin's Straits. During his cruise in July and August, he saw no ice, and the weather was ordinarily pleasant so that his men could work in light through the night, the whaling might have been suspended during the summer, and had returned to his home, near Santa Barbara, with a large amount of gold. His house was surprised by an armed party, and the whole family, as above stated, were barbarously murdered, and the house robbed of its golden treasure. The perpetrators of this horrid deed are still at large; of the other five cases, four are highway robbers committed on persons returning with gold from the mines. In a word, I may say with truth, that both persons and property are insecure in Upper California at this time; and I venture to add that, in all cases of outrage, I have seen, the robbers are always the same.

BRIGHTON MARKET.—*BOSTON JOURNAL.*—THURSDAY, FEB. 15.—At market, 575 Beef Cattle, 9 pairs Working Oxen, 5 Cows and 50 Calves, 100 Pairs Working Sheep, 500—Beef Cattle—Extra \$175—first quality \$5 75—second quality \$5—third quality \$5 75. Working Oxen—\$75. Cows and Calves—\$24, 26, 31, 37. Sheep from New York State \$2, 27, 30, and one lot of 40 Sheep from New York State \$10 each.

[From the Boston Chronotype, Oct. 1, 1847.]

CONSUMPTION is the greatest curse of our northern latitudes. It is the blight of domestic felicity and the despoiler of beauty. It robs the sleek of its youthful bloom, the mind of its serenity, and the eye of its brilliancy. It wastes the form, dims the intellect, and plunges its victim into an early grave.

The young and the old, the serious and the gay, the city belle, the country lass, are alike its prey and its victims. Blessings on the man, then, whose genius and research furnished us weapons to bid defiance to this "Dweller of the Threshold!" He merits the applause and gratitude of ages!—he shall have our thanks.

DEATH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.—The Cherokee Advocate announces the death of Micocony (Pond King) at Fort Gibson. Micocony was the head chief of the Seminole Nation, and was one of the few warriors who, at the head of a mere handful of men, resisted our government for six years, and maintained possession of their country during that time against twenty times their number of well equipped troops, led by our most experienced Generals. We believe that it was to General Taylor, then Col. Taylor, that Micocony finally surrendered. He commanded the Indians in person at the time of Dad's massacre, and with Osceola successfully resisted the crossing of the Withlacoochee by Gen. Gaines in 1838. It is generally believed that he was opposed to the war with our government, and that he was forced to take arms by the young chiefs. He was a fleshly man, notoriously indolent, but none the less shrewd and crafty.

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